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VOL. XV.

No. VII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Hinc mens grata manet, hinc non laudaeque YALENSES
Censuras SENSILES, unanimique PATRES."

JUNE, 1850.

NEW HAVEN:

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TO OUR READERS.

IN entering upon our new duties, we deem it unnecessary to make any promises, or to offer any plans. Our cheerful acceptance of the station which the partiality of our classmates has assigned us, is a sufficient pledge of devotion to our trust; while precedent has, to some extent, established the limits within which our aims must be confined.

The nature of the position in which we are placed, ought, in justice, to supersede the necessity of urging our claims upon your patronage. We are not unconscious of the many difficulties which we must unavoidably meet; yet, we doubt not, that they, who have imposed a difficult task upon us, will manfully aid in bearing us successfully through it.

As long as the Magazine can be well sustained, and conducted in a manner consistent with the original design, there can be but little danger of over estimating its value. It will be useful, as conducing to the development of talent; it will be interesting, as a kind of mirror of college mind.

The age of this periodical renders it an anomaly among American college publications—a fact which reflects credit on the undergraduates of Yale. Its success, in the future, will depend partly upon our exertions, and partly upon yours. We have, therefore, a common interest at stake, which involves

our common credit ; and let it not ever be said of the present college generation, that through unfaithfulness or want of ability, it proved unworthy of the heritage which had come down to it, through so long and illustrious a line of predecessors.

Allow us, then, to engage in our labors with the confidence of your kind assistance and encouragement.

We remain yours, with profound respect,

E. W. EVANS,	} <i>Editors for the</i>	
B. F. MARTIN,		} <i>Class of 1851.</i>
A. H. CARRIER,		
J. W. NOBLE,		
S. McCALL,		

YALE COLLEGE, JUNE, 1850.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV.

JUNE, 1850.

No. VII.

Wyoming.

THIS name designates a spot of our country, of which much is imagined, but little generally known. A secluded place, seldom visited—often described in terms partaking of the air of exaggeration, as some transcendently beautiful vale hidden among rugged mountains—invested with a classic charm by the sweet muse of Campbell—barely mentioned in our common national histories, yet celebrated in legend and song, as some smiling abode of innocence and blessedness, that was once turned into a frightful waste by the hand of war; we are apt to associate with it the idea of an airy region of fable, rather than a real locality. Few, indeed, ever dream of finding, in any vulgar hamlet among the Allegany hills, the identity of that romantic vale in which Gertrude and Waldgrave loved, and

“Old Outalissa woke his battle song.”

Yet charming as is the picture, it does not transcend the reality. The imaginary Wyoming differs little from that which has a geographical position on the banks of Susquehanna. When the cursory narrator of strange events has erred, he has seldom erred by exaggeration. When the poet has indulged in fiction, his fiction has been strangely like the truth. They, indeed, must have a tolerably correct, however imperfect an idea, of Wyoming and its history, who have read the romantic story of the Lost Sister, the Legends of Queen Esther, and the Bloody Rock, and the sweet lay of the Caledonian bard.

We should not attempt a recital of what is already familiar to all, were it not for the hope of also telling some things, which to many may possess, at least, the interest of novelty.

This far-famed valley, is a deep oval basin of the Susquehanna, with a rich alluvial bottom twenty miles long and three wide, here gently undulating and there spread out into beautiful plains, all irrigated by deep streams, and clothed with a luxuriance of vegetation that reminds the traveler of scenes in tropical climes. It is hemmed in by a double range of mountains, towering up on the east side in a series of rugged and craggy steeps, but on the west receding with a

gentle slope and stretching along, north and south, in a continuous ridge of richly wooded highlands. At the northern extremity, the river breaks in through a deep narrow chasm, cleaving a mountain in twain; whence it flows down the valley in a smooth, beautiful, majestic sheet, pursuing a serpentine path, now laving the granite base of the mountains, and now meandering through fertile meadows and flowery lawns, embracing in its broad bosom many green islands, and finally making its egress through a wild rocky pass, like that through which it entered. Such is Wyoming valley, a hamlet abounding in historical incidents of a painfully interesting character.

So eminently adapted by nature for the abode of man, it seems to have been a favorite possession of the aborigines, from a period indefinitely remote. An unknown and primitive race, receding far back into antiquity, farther than tradition penetrates—a race of which nothing is told but the simple fact of its past existence, and that not told by human tongue, has left here, as in some other parts of the continent, a few lasting foot-prints. Near the centre of the valley, on opposite banks of the stream, the remains may still be seen, not quite obliterated by the hand of cultivation, of two large mysterious-looking mounds, which were found by the first white settlers in a tolerable state of preservation; though the age of a superincumbent growth of trees, assigned to one of them the antiquity of a thousand years.

Previous to the immigration of the whites, the valley had long been held under the nominal jurisdiction of the Six Nations, but occupied in lawless freedom, by belligerent parties of the Nanticokes, the Delawares, and the Shawanese, who, in the intervals of war, cultivated the plains and pursued game on the mountains. Count Zinzendorf and the Moravian missionaries—the first white men that ever set foot in Wyoming—have handed down some singular accounts of the bickerings of these savage tribes, one of which is particularly worthy of mention, as a kind of satire on the warfare of more refined nations.

One day, while the Delaware and Shawanese parties, whose domains lay on opposite sides of the river, were enjoying a temporary peace, the warriors had gone out on distant hunting excursions beyond the mountains. It happened that the Shawanese children, having crossed over to the Delaware side, quarreled with the children of the other clan, for the possession of a gaudy insect. The juvenile contest grew warm. The women came as umpires, but soon took sides. The affray, becoming more and more general, was kept up with increasing violence, until night brought the warriors to the scene. Then commenced war in earnest—the first of a connected series of wars, which spread through all the neighboring tribes, and were protracted through a long term of years. In this literal strife for a butterfly the Shawanese forfeited their all, and the victorious party became sole lords of the territory.

It was about fourteen years before the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, that a band of emigrants from Connecticut, lured by glowing accounts of the fertility of the land in the valley of the Susquehanna,

pioneered their way through into the heart of the wilderness and planted a colony in Wyoming. Having brought with them a liberal supply of provisions and implements of husbandry, they took up their abode on the rich alluvial plain near the upper end of the valley. They erected comfortable dwellings, cleared away the deep tangled forest; and under the hand of industry the wilderness soon blossomed like the rose. On a soil boundless in its resources, on the most amicable terms with the savage hordes who dwelt in close proximity, this little colony for awhile went on thriving, rapidly increasing in numbers, enjoying in peace the gifts of smiling Plenty.

But a fearful blight suddenly came over the scene. The Six Nations, growing jealous at the advances of the whites into one of the most valued portions of their territory, contrived to arrest their progress by a stratagem of almost unexampled malignity. A delegation of Mohawks came to Wyoming under a false pretext, clandestinely murdered the chief of the Delaware tribe, and laid the crime to the charge of the whites. The savages were roused up to all the vengeful ferocity of which their race is capable. Falling upon the settlers as they were pursuing the daily occupations of the field and the household—without warning, without arms—unconscious of danger and even of suspicion, they massacred large numbers of the men in cold blood; the rest escaped, men, women, and children, by a confused and hurried flight to the mountains—nor dared rest there but for a moment, to look back on their property plundered and their dwellings wrapt in flames. Imagination can best picture the scene which the bleak rocks witnessed among those unhappy fugitives—the widow and the orphan wailing in the agony of fresh grief—the scattered remnants of two hundred helpless families flying in distress and consternation—their friends slaughtered before their eyes—their happy homes in a moment wrested from them—a savage foe lurking on their trail and a journey formidable as death before them. Ill-clad, ill-armed, and ill-provided with food, they pursued their way on foot through the inhospitable wilds, suffering incredible hardships over a dreary journey of two hundred and fifty miles to their native State. Such was the first act of the long and melancholy tragedy, of which Wyoming has been the scene.

When the news of these outrages reached the ears of the Pennsylvania authorities, a strong force was forthwith sent to drive away the Indians from the valley. The mandate was followed up by speedy execution, and in a few years a new swarm of emigrants from Connecticut poured into the rich fields, now ridden of the savage foe that had made them desolate.

But no sooner had these adventurers established themselves in their new homes, and, by dint of industry, made all smiling and happy with the blessings of abundance, than an unexpected difficulty arose, which threw a gloom again over the colony. The State of Pennsylvania disputed the title of Connecticut to the soil—each laying claim to it in virtue of a direct grant from the British crown. The settlers would brook no

authority but that of their native State, and a detachment of Pennsylvanians came, not to subdue, but to supplant them. Hence arose a series of civil feuds, which for years made this valley a continual scene of turmoil and violence—the new claimants obstinately assailing, and the occupants with equal obstinacy defending their own claims. At length, in a brisk battle fought in the deep mountain gorge through which the river leaves the valley, the assailants, returning after a short interval of peace, were driven back discomfited, and the commencement of the revolutionary troubles prevented an immediate renewal of hostilities.

With the returning smiles of peace Wyoming bloomed again like a garden. Its population had already attained the number of three thousand; and now, after the dawn of a sunny day, new multitudes were thronging in upon it. Hitherto, owing to the tumults of war, and the difficulty of communication with the distant State of which they claimed to be a portion, they had lived without any regularly organized government. But at length, left free to pursue happiness unmolested, and still left dependent upon themselves by the mother colony, they formed a temporary government of their own, perhaps the most purely democratic of any that history commemorates. The people, in common council assembled, were to decide all questions of legislation. They adopted, in the main, the laws of Connecticut. Judicial power was delegated to a court, from which, however, there could always be an appeal to the sovereign people. It speaks well for the character of the citizens of this miniature republic, that its popular deliberations were conducted with order, and characterized with the spirit of an enlightened and liberal policy. We find them establishing free schools, erecting churches, equalizing the burden of taxation, providing bountifully for the relief of the widows and orphans of deceased soldiers, sending off arms and provisions and troops to the aid of the band of patriots, who were fighting the battles of their country on the eastern borders. For three years, the distant mountain fastness in which they were nestled, protected the people of Wyoming from the aggressions of the foe which had come hither from beyond the sea to shed kindred blood. But the storm lingered only to gather strength and to burst upon them with the greater violence.

“Sad was the year, by proud oppression driven,
When Transatlantic liberty arose;—
Not in the sunshine and the smiles of Heaven,
But wrapt in whirlwinds and begirt with woes.”

Near the close of the war, a mingled horde of Tories and Indians and British regulars, under the command of Col. John Butler, came down the Susquehanna from Canada and the lake country, on a mission of blood, whose history will not soon be forgotten. They had selected Wyoming as the most inviting field for havoc. All things conspired to point it out as the spot, where an enemy, galled by defeat, might best vent its cowardly rage, and savage ferocity might fully glut its vengeance. The colony was defenseless. All its best arms and

most of its efficient soldiers were in the service of the Continental army. That army was too far removed to afford any protection now. Thus situated, the inhabitants were reposing in all the negligence of fancied security, when this devastator from the north came down upon them—sudden, rapacious, and terrible—like the vulture upon its helpless prey. The red men, lured by the offer of premiums for scalps, and goaded on to vengeance by the bitter remembrance of their own expulsion, were ripe for the perpetration of enormities; nor did the sequel afford ground for the belief, that the Christians who led them on and paid them, were less eager for blood than they.

It was on the fourth of July, a day associated with events of various interest, that the settlers were thrown into alarm by the tidings, that a formidable foe was lurking close at hand. Weak and terror-stricken, yet not daunted, they prepared to defend themselves as best they might. The women and children from the more exposed part of the valley were hurriedly collected into a fort. All who were capable of bearing arms went forth to battle—the young, the aged, and the infirm—from striplings of fourteen to old men of ninety. Col. Zebulon Butler, of the Continental army, who was accidentally present, took the command. Leaving a few of the feeblest to garrison the fort, this feeble band bravely but unfortunately forsook their intrenchments, to meet the enemy in the open field. They had underrated the force which they had to encounter, nor did they discover their mistake until it was, alas, too late to retreat. Then pressing on to the charge with the valor of desperation, they so struggled against fearful odds, that victory for awhile hung doubtful. But at length, after a heavy loss, they yielded the field, overwhelmed by numbers, and betook themselves to a precipitate flight.

Ah, then was the beginning of consternation and disaster, when the ravenous monster of the wilderness, now maddened with the taste of blood, was let loose upon the fugitives,

“With all his howling, desolating band.”

The scene which followed has been described as one of barbarous atrocity, unparalleled in the history of savage wars. All that is demoniac in human nature, all that is monstrous in cruelty, all that is keen in anguish and terrible in havoc and waste, were that day united on one agitated plain,

“Where sounds that mingled laugh and shout and groan,
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assailed,
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed,
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wailed.”

The massacre was general and indiscriminate. The whole valley was turned into one vast field of blood. The fugitives scattered hither and thither in wild dismay, only to widen the scene of havoc and to

perish singly. Christian vied with savage in the work of death. Large numbers were overtaken while attempting to swim the river, and its blue waters became red with blood. A fortunate few escaped, by gaining the fort or the mountains, or by floating unobserved many miles down the stream. All the rest, many hundreds in number, were tomahawked and scalped wherever overtaken in flight, or found hiding in the thickets—save a few large, athletic men, who were reserved for more conspicuous slaughter. With nightfall came the doom of these. The savages had assembled to celebrate their triumph and to witness the consummation of the sacrifice, on a little abrupt cliff, since known as the Bloody Rock. There, around their blazing fires, they formed a large ring, setting the prisoners bound in the midst. A fiendish half-blood woman, known by the appellation of Queen Esther, presided over the orgies. To her had been appointed the work of wanton torture. One by one she dispatched her victims with the hatchet, until only two remained, who, taking advantage of the growing negligence of their guards, broke out of the ring with one convulsive bound, and both lived many long years to tell the story of their hair-breadth escape.

But another scene of distress, and one more painful for the imagination to dwell upon, was in the mean time witnessed, not far away. It was among the widows and orphans of the slain. It is, indeed, easier to conceive than to describe the anguish of those bereaved families, when the appalling news reached their ears—the cries of lamentation, the cries of alarm, which then rent the air, the pangs of grief for the lost, and the agonizing conflict of hope and fear for those whose fates were unknown. Nor were their own lives secure. They who in the morning had fearlessly kept their homes, fled before the tidings of the day in the hurry of wild affright. It was nightfall. The savages, finding no more blood to shed, now turned to more harmless destruction; and the fugitives were lighted up the mountain by the flames of their burning dwellings. Unprotected and guideless, entirely destitute of food, and in the confusion of their flight scattered far and wide, they set out into the pathless wilderness, scarcely knowing whither. Some were overtaken and massacred by straggling parties of Indians; others fell a prey to famine, and many, losing their way in the wilds, were never heard of after.

On the following day, the small remnant pent up in the fort surrendered, on condition of being allowed to remain in the valley unmolested. But cruel violations of faith by their savage conquerors, soon drove them away; and not many dared return, until the Six Nations had been forever expelled from their ancient domains, in that ever memorable campaign of Sullivan.

Soon after this, a throng of New England adventurers once more bent their way to the Susquehanna regions, with bright anticipations of good fortune. The Wyoming colony sprung up anew out of its ashes. Its domestic foes exterminated, its foreign foes expelled, nothing now was foreseen that might check its growth or mar its prosperity. But it seems as if nature had conspired with hostile man to wage merciless war against it.

A severe winter caused an immense accumulation of snow and ice along the valley of the Susquehanna. This made the spring floods unusually high. The narrow defile at the southern extremity of Wyoming was blocked up by floating masses of ice, and the valley above became the bed of a vast lake. The inhabitants fled to the hills and mountains, thence to see their houses and means of subsistence destroyed by the angry flood, which, as the ice-dam gave way, swept off every thing movable in its path, leaving nought but the naked, silent plain. After this calamity, some sought a temporary asylum in distant places; while others, braving the severest hardships, returned to the scene of desolation, to rear new dwellings, and to till the soil for other harvests.

Alternate storm and sunshine, alternate peace and war, was the destiny of this little colony still. Afflicted, but not disheartened, the inhabitants returned with augmented numbers, no sooner to find happy homes again, than, by a strange fatality, to be again cast out of them.

The old dispute of possession was now revived between Pennsylvania and Connecticut. Several years had already passed since the peace with Great Britain, but the States had been so occupied with domestic business and the adjustment of their federal relations, as to devote little attention to their remote frontier settlements. At length, however, the Pennsylvania government, after an abortive attempt at amicable settlement, sent a body of soldiers to Wyoming a second time, to dispossess the Connecticut colony.

With fearful violence and rapacity did the new claimants execute their commission. The settlers resisted long and bravely, but were finally routed with great slaughter; and the defeat was followed by instant and forcible expulsion. There had been flights over those blue hills more wild with terror, more embittered with the cries and tears of grief than that which was now witnessed, but none had been attended with so much extreme hardship and privation. As the exiles pursued their scattered paths through that region of deep, marshy forest, which lies off beyond the eastern ridge, and is now called, from the gloomy associations connected with it, the Shades of Death, the suffering from fatigue and exposure and famine was dreadful beyond conception. Many perished in the hurried march; many were left behind in the bogs and the thickets to die of starvation, or to be devoured by wild beasts; and, revolting as the story may be, it ought not to be withheld, as eye-witnesses have for many years afterwards lived to attest its truth, that one widowed mother was reduced to the direful necessity of dividing by piece-meal the body of her lifeless infant, to save her surviving children from death!* When we remember by whose hands these calamities had been inflicted, they become, if possible, still more shocking to contemplate; yet this, indeed, is not the only instance in the history of our country, where hope of gain and the chance of committing rapacious deeds with impunity,

* Colonel Stone.

have led the white man into guilt seldom if ever surpassed, in the annals of savage cruelty.

But the spirit of New England enterprise was not thus to be daunted. The exiled settlers soon recovered by purchase their claim to the soil which had been so fertilized with the blood of their kindred. From that day forth, fortune has smiled upon them. Filled with turmoil and misery as Wyoming had been for thirty years before—so often ravaged and desolated by fire, sword, flood, and famine, as if Providence had selected the fairest spot in our country, for the theater of the worst crimes and the worst disasters—its subsequent history presents a contrast truly pleasing to look upon. It has been a scene of uninterrupted prosperity and happy quiet. The bright dreams of fortune, which allured those ill-starred pioneers into the storied region of fruitfulness and beauty, beyond the Alleghanies, have been fully realized by their descendants. And they who visit Wyoming now, may find its people wealthy, refined, and hospitable, proud of their ancestry and their classic vale.

E.

CLARK PRIZE POEMS.

The Death Bed of Elisha.

BY JOHN ISAAC IRA ADAMS, BOSTON, MASS.

ON his death bed the Prophet of Israel lies sleeping,
While a thousand of eyes, through Samaria, are weeping;
But he heedeth them not, for all round him is still,
And his watchers have left him, their rest to fulfill.
And where once was Naaman's so brilliant parade,
All, in silence, most solemnly now is arrayed.
And where lately the voice of the young prophets rose,
As they cultured their vineyards from daybreak to close,
All is still as a village deserted and lone,
Or a nest from which parents and fledglings have flown.
For a sun, which has cheered them through many long days,
Is at last throwing faintly its few ling'ring rays;
And the night, with its gloomy and deep leaden sky,
Springing up from the orient, follows them nigh.
Ah! the Prophet lies sick; but how many sick ones
Has his voice raised to health! and how many lost sons
To their parents restored! but there's no aid for him,
For there's none can relight when his own lamp grows dim.

But suppose not Elisha, the faithful, 's alone
For whole legions of angels, all fresh from the throne,
Have been sent to escort his released spirit home,
And, about his low couch, are now whispering, "Come!"
And the portals of Paradise, open on high,
Are revealed, parted wide, to his death-stricken eye;
And the spirits of just men, made perfect, there stand,
All in waiting to grasp his victorious hand;
While each angel doth hold, as a torch for the way,
Some most glorious promise for those who obey.

But his spirit, invited, still lingereth here,
Just as though its bright pathway were not wholly clear;
And his eye, lit with Heaven, is turned to the earth,
Like a traveller's good-by to the land of his birth.
And he seemeth again at his father's old plow,
And Elijah's dark mantle is thrown o'er him now;
While the voice of the Prophet doth sound, like a knell,
When its low, heavy chimes are repeating "Farewell!"
But he rev'renced the sound, and obedient, flew
To kiss his dear parents and bid them adieu.

It was noon, and he stood beside Jordan's clear stream,
As it glided along, like a summer morn's dream;
And its ripples rolled landward, all weary with glee,
'Neath the almond, the laurel, and strawberry tree;
While the lily, the tulip, and daffodil threw
Their sweets on its bosom, as past them it flew.
But now hushed is its noise, and its wavelets are still,
As the grass-covered bed of the spring-morning rill;
For Elijah has come, and the waters well know
They must part at his bidding, and cease their swift flow.
And so, dry, o'er the pebbles that cradled the stream,
Passed the prophets, as spirits would pass in a dream.
Then became the bright eye of Elijah more bright,
And his mantle was changed to a mantle of light;
And his voice had more Heaven within its soft tone,
Than his pupil, Elisha, had erst ever known.
And, turning around, he cried, "Ask thou of me
What thou wilt, ere my presence is taken from thee."
Then the humble Elisha exclaimed, "Oh, my sire,
Grant a double endowment of thy hallowed fire!"
But, while they yet spake, they uplifted their eyes,
And behold a bright chariot appeared in the skies;
And a whirlwind swept down, like a storm on the sea,
And Elijah was gone, and his mantle was free.

But why starteth the Prophet from slumber so calm?
And why raiseth his head slightly on his weak arm?
'Tis the sound of a chariot falls on his ears,
And the train of a king, at his threshold, appears.

The young Monarch hath come, in his sadness and gloom,
To weep o'er his best friend, in his own lowly room.
All his pomp and his pride, for the moment hath flown,
He hath come to see fall the firm stay of his throne,
"Oh my father, my father! our chariot thou,
And the strength of our nation, the gem of our brow!"
The king, from the depth of his agony cries,
While his breast, on the breast of the old Prophet, lies.
For he knew, that on that humble mattress there lay
The man that removed Ahab's sceptre away,
And the man that struck blind all the Syrian host,
And conveyed to the dust great Ben-Hadad's proud boast.
And he saw that the most brilliant star of his crown,
Quite beneath the dark mountains of death had gone down.

But his task was not done; for a strangely bright fire
Blazed up in the heart of the death-stricken sire;
'Twas the love of his country, the love of his race,
And the spot of his birth, and his burial place.
"Take thou arrows, King Joash!" and Joash arose,
And, from out his bright quiver, choice arrows he chose.
Then he placed his cold hand on the hand of the King,
Thus to show, that Jehovah assistance would bring—
And "Shoot!" cried the Prophet, while quick from the string,
All quiv'ring with haste, the swift arrow did spring.
Like a bird just uncaged, through the window it flew,
And soon quite hid its form in the far distant blue,
Then exclaimed the old seer, with a heavenly voice,
"'Tis the arrow of safety! My country, rejoice!
For Jehovah, in Aphek, shall break the proud arm,
And not one shall be left to do Israel harm!"
Oh, what gladness then spread o'er the monarch's pale brow,
As he heard those sweet words from Elisha's lips flow!
'Twas as though the last wish of his life had been granted,
For his feet, on the neck of Ben-Hadad, were planted.

Now, revealed to the seer, is the glorious way,
And angels, impatient, cry, "Come, come away!"
But his task is not done; for old Syria remains,
And her hosts may yet camp on Samaria's plains.
"Take the arrows, King Joash!" and Joash obeyed,
"Smite, Monarch!" and thrice did he smite, and then stayed.
"Unbelief, oh, accursed! and oh, damning pride!
The vile Syrians shall yet be a thorn in thy side!
For three times shalt thou smite them, and then shalt thou stay,
But thou should'st have consumed them entirely away!"

The monarch hath gone; and beside the low bed
The young prophets have gathered to weep in his stead;

And the angel of death, as around them he flies,
Is extinguishing slowly, more deeply, those eyes.
And the few ling'ring rays hope has given of light,
The pale ev'ning of life is exchanging with night.
Oh, tell me, ye, versed in the lore of the grave,
Is 't the rest of the monarch, the prophet, and slave ?
Is there nothing beyond the dark coffin and shroud,
Save the few rattling pebbles that over them crowd ?
Or the few sickly flow'rs, that in loneliness bloom,
With waning attention above the cold tomb ?
Would, there were, to the ears of those weeping around,
As the spirit departed, an audible sound !
Would, the escort of angels, as passing away,
Might the light of their face and their pinions display !
But no—all is silence and mystery here,
For the spirit departeth, as dreams disappear.

Whence, then, the sweet comfort that filleth the heart
Of the saint, when his hour hath arrived to depart ?
'Tis the cross and its conquest, that faith to the eye
Presents, as the pathway that leads to the sky !
Oh, what glory, what lustre, Christ's triumph doth shed,
And what shadows disperse from the saint's dying bed !

Elisha hath fallen ; his pulses have ceased,
And the soul, from its chrysalis, now is released ;
On the flowers of heaven it spreads its gay wings,
And floats on an air spiced with ten thousand springs.
The rose-bud hath burst, and the full rose is blown ;
The cage hath been opened, the linnet hath flown.
Twine no wreath of the cypress, all sullen and dim,
But let evergreen garlands be woven for him ;
For he's gone where the summer forever doth bloom,
And where joy is unmingled with sorrow and gloom ;
Where the light of the day hath no evening, nor shade,
And beauty and youth never wither, nor fade.
How stately he lies, like a monarch at rest !
Yet no star of insignia shines on his breast ;
But, upon his pale brow, glows a bright diadem,
Decked with tears of affection—the earth's noblest gem.

The Death of Elisha.

BY W. S. COLTON.

It was an evening, mild and beautiful,
 In Palaestina's fair and ancient land ;—
 A summer's eve, and brightly glowed the heavens,
 That bent their purple arch around the world.
 All day, the sun, that brought the golden morn
 Upspringing with him from the dawning east,
 Had trod with fervid steps his burning path
 Amid the azure of Judea's sky :—
 But now, retreating o'er the Asian plains,
 Beyond where Himalaya mountains rise,
 Or North Pacific laves Siberian shores,
 His fading splendors fell with softer light
 Upon the dwellings of the Chosen Race.

It was the hour of evening ;—earth and air
 Serenely shone in the last lingering ray.
 A peace ineffably profound, a calm,
 A holy stillness brooded over all,
 And, in the sacred silence, Nature seemed
 O'erflowed with pure and boundless floods of joy.
 She had no voice, no language to express
 To mortal ear the secret whisperings,
 And awful presence of her Sovereign God.
 Yet eloquent her speech, though not attuned
 To catch the outward sense ;—the *Spirit* heard,
 And, bending lowly, worshiped Him unseen.

No sound broke harshly on the deep repose.
 The trees waved not :—there was no wind to stir
 Their branches ;—the innumerable leaves did make
 No noise—the rivers, brooks, and sportive rivulets
 With quiet glimmerings glided gently by,
 And held imbosomed in their waveless tide
 The clouds, that floated on their airy wings,
 Like white-robed angels 'mid the tranquil heavens.
 An hour passed by, and now the starry host,
 By Hesperus led, in radiant bands came forth,
 And moving on, a shining multitude,
 In glittering squadrons through the voids of space,
 Arrayed themselves in far magnificence ;—
 Them following soon, the moon her silver fires
 'Gan next to kindle on the skirts of night.

Peace reigned supreme, sprung not from sinful man,
Nor born of earth—beyond description deep,
And sweet beyond conception's utmost power.
There was a something heavenly in the air,
That seemed of other than of mortal things,
Supernal purity—a joy divine—
As if the World of Light had oped its doors,
And from its crystal gates had poured a Sea
Of Love celestial, bliss seraphic, down,
And rolled its billows round this lower sphere.

The hour of peace:—and Israel's capital,
Jerusalem, great city of her King,
The Lord of Hosts, the God of Abraham,
Which was of old His favorite dwelling-place—
In after ages consecrated more,
And made His people's lasting heritage,
When on the heights of Zion, hallowed mount,
A temple rose, built for Jehovah's name
By Solomon, and dedicated there—
Now lay outstretched upon her many hills,
Beneath the vault of those fair evening skies;—
While Jordan, southward on his narrow way
Flowed, sacred River, through his winding sides
To meet the Lake of dark Asphaltites.
Thus, bathed in moonlight, tower and pinnacle,
And lofty walls, that held with strong embrace
The holy city shielded from her foes,
And distant summit of mount Olivet,
That eastward stood above Jehoshaphat's vale,
Gleamed faintly through the mellowed shades of night
In dim array.

Within his palace, decked
With regal show of gold from Ophir brought,
And precious stones and silver, polished brass,
With cedar hewn on woody Lebanon,
And costly curtains stained with Tyrian dye,
And trophies of Assyrian pageantry,
Sat Joash, Israel's King, in royal state.
About his throne, with gems and pearl adorned,
And spread with tapestry in Egypt wrought,
Barbaric stuffs and silks from far-off shores
Of India, stood his courtly retinue.
There was a noise of melody, and flutes
And harps and timbrels, played by skillful hands
Of Jewish maidens, filled the echoing halls,
And fell in music on the monarch's ear.

Yet smiled he not, for clouded was his brow
With gloom, and sorrow preyed upon his heart,
Nor cared he aught for all their minstrelsy.
For one had told how Hazael, Syria's king,
Did boast of triumph over Israel's God,
And threatened swift destruction to his seed;—
And how Elisha, prophet full of years,
Was lying sick with pangs of sore disease.
So grief was in his soul, and silently
He viewed the dance and listened to the song.
“Why is my lord the king thus comfortless?”
A courtier said:—“Have evil tidings made
Thy spirit joyless at this festal hour?”
No answer gave he, for there came a sound—
A cry of wailing from afar;—and lo,
With hurried step, a messenger drew near
And said, “Elisha, O my lord, is nigh
To death, and asks for thee!”—Now paler grew
The monarch's countenance:—awhile he bowed
His head in prayer, then called his chosen guard,
And bade to haste with swiftest speed away.

Low, in his humble cot, Elisha lay.
No couch magnificent, supporting, propped
His weary frame, nor lofty pictured walls
Beheld the struggles of his parting soul.
Yet needed he no earthly pomp to ease
His dying bed—for God, his mighty friend,
He knew, would guide him through the dark, cold vale
Of death, and bear him to His heavenly home:—
So faith prevailing triumphed o'er the grave.

“My Father! O my Father!” said the voice
Of one beside him:—“Lo! the chariot
Of Israel, and the horseman too thereof!”
Thus, bending o'er him, spake the weeping king.
The Seer returned a fixed and earnest gaze,
While flashed his eye with strange prophetic fire.
“Open the window eastward;—put thy hand
To bow and arrows!” Saying this, he layed
His trembling hands upon the king's, and cried
“Shoot!—thus the arrow of deliverance
From Syria's power shall be.” Again he said,
“Take arrows—smite upon the ground!” and thrice
He smote and stayed. “Thou should'st have smitten more;—
Then Syria had by thee been *all* consumed;—
Thou now but thrice shalt smite it!” zealously
The prophet cried:—then, gasping, spake no more.

Most fit it was that one whom God had tried,
 And, 'midst a race rebellious, faithful found,
 Who long had striven to lead the wandering flock
 Of Jacob, back in ways of righteousness,
 To keep the covenant which their fathers made,
 At that serene and holy hour should die.
 'Tis ever meet for such to pass away,
 Not in the roar of battle, not when ring
 The trumpet tones of gay, glad victory,
 Nor 'mid the rage of elemental strife,
 When wintry tempests rave along the plain;—
 But in the ripeness of the summer's prime,
 When all is gentleness and peace and love:—
Then is the time for such to lay them down
 And take their rest.

No chariot of fire
 His spirit heavenward bore to meet its God;
 But guardian angels in their sweet embrace
 Receiving, wafted him away.

The king
 Arose, and left the weeping mourners there.

Sympathy with the Beautiful.

BY A. H. C.

"Beauty hideth everywhere, that Reason's child may seek her.
 The cheek of the peach is glowing with her smile, her splendor
 blazeth in the lightning.

She is the dryad of the woods, the naiad of the streams;
 Her golden hair hath tapestried the silk-worm's silent chamber,
 And to her measured harmonies the wild waves beat in time:
 With tinkling feet at eventide she danceth in the meadow,
 Or, like a Titan, lieth stretched athwart the ridgy Alps;
 She is rising, in her veil of mist, a Venus from the waters."

THE brightest pictures of poetry have ever been painted under the inspiration of elegance or sublimity, for then the lovely tints of a vivid imagination blend with and chasten the fullness of actual beauty. Minds have existed, which in a desert could create for themselves a blooming paradise, and even in the ceaseless midnight of the blind, perceive glowing images of more than earthly beauty; yet such see but the visions of past bright scenes, made more lovely by present contrast, and more desirable because they are gone forever. The

sportive fancies, the happy glee, and the rich, but simple elegance, which, like the warblings of a bird, gush forth from the heart of the real poet, are, in truth, the praise of nature's beauties, falling in sweet accents from the lips of her choicest favorite. For the striking features of natural scenery harmonize with themselves a whole nation's character—they peer forth from the most sober guise of its literature—they are seen in all its works of taste and imagination, but are especially distinct and truthful in the purest models of its poetry.

In a country where the landscape is constantly varying, from the quiet plain to the towering precipice wreathed in the foam of the cataract—from the desert heath, to spots of luxuriant verdure—from the smiling repose of a lovely valley, to the frowning heights of rugged and snow-clad mountains—there the works of imagination are striking by their wild and fearless freedom of expression. The transitions are as frequent and abrupt as the sudden changes of the landscape, and the metaphors as bold as the broken mountain scenery that they describe. Fancy comes not laden with elegant figures and graceful similes, but with images impressive from their originality and grandeur, though unchastened by the softening shades of delicate beauty. The mythology peoples the glens and forests with beings fierce, though majestic—harmless merely when propitiated, but terrible avengers when disturbed. The poetry swells out into bursts of thrilling grandeur, whether deprecating the wrath of these terrible wanderers, or invoking the aid of guardian divinities; and the wild snatches of song which appeal to the courage, are as inspiring as the martial blasts of the ancient war trumpet. Such are the poems of Ossian. Abounding, indeed, in defects, and frequently offending through false taste or affected beauty, they still rise, oftentimes, into strains of the loftiest sublimity, and seem fired with an almost unearthly eloquence. They are, most truly, the legitimate offspring of the rugged Scottish highlands—they illustrate, most forcibly, the sympathy of mind with nature.

The lovely Grecian myths stand forth in marked and pleasing contrast. They abound, indeed, in lofty conceptions, but it is sublimity chastened by elegance—the fancy often wildly roves, but never beyond the domain of beauty. The groves, the hills, the fountains, are the haunts of spiritual beings, but they are lovely fairies, whose only object is to bless. The great divinities are not the fierce, warlike characters of the northern nations, but, though stained with many faults, commanding in person, and noble in their attributes. The graceful measure, the musical periods, and the tasteful beauty of thought, marking the national poetry, contrast as finely with the fiery, lawless bursts of the other, as the lovely repose of nature with a fierce war of the elements.

The gentle declivities of the country, the waving forests, the beautiful and luxuriant verdure of a balmy climate, the ruggedness of the landscape, half hidden by nature's vesture, combine to form an outline of delicate, rather than striking elegance, but which imprints its

own chaste and lovely image on the mind, as really as the wild and frowning aspect of more northern scenery. The mind faithfully transfers this impress to all the pictures of its fancying, and thus the national character and literature take their coloring from the national scenery.

The sublimity of nature can make the chords of sympathy vibrate much and strongly, yet, perhaps, finished art can draw forth the sweetest harmony. The soul is elevated and expanded, just as by the deep swelling notes of the organ, when contemplating the grandeur of nature; but the perfection of art, like the soft, thrilling melody of the *Æolian* harp, appeals to the gentler emotions, and gratifies that taste, which delights in delicacy and grace, rather than in the lofty and impressive.

Creation is indeed a treasury of infinite and varied beauties, from the modest elegance of the violet, to the awful majesty of Niagara. Yet, when skill and genius unite to embody the images of the fancy, causing inanimate marble to breathe forth the sublime conception, and winning by the promised elegance of form and vesture those more delicate visions of beauty, which flit but for a moment across the soul; or when in mightier works it displays its power, as in the splendors of an Athenian Acropolis—then may the offspring of art, with proud confidence, enter the lists against the noblest representative of nature.

Yet the mid-day brightness of genius, beaming forth from works of art when in the height of their perfection and renown, is often not so pleasing as the lingering radiance upon their crumbling ruins, when that glorious sun has set forever.

The sculpture of Greece marred and broken—her temples showing only here and there the rich tracery of the artist's chisel, and the mournful magnificence of her broken columns and marble walls, call forth at once a loftier admiration and a more delicate sympathy than when new from the hands of the sculptor, though then adorned with a thousand beauties, which have mouldered away in the lapse of ages. For in one case, the picture was complete, and we had only to admire; in the other it is a rich, though broken outline, to be filled out and colored by the pencillings of fancy, which always glow with more than truth-like vividness. Scenes to which "distance lends enchantment," and names which time as well as genius has hallowed, also come thronging around the memory, and impart a sacred interest to the few monuments of their departed greatness. The silence of desolation gives birth to reflection, which vividly calls up the busy throng that used to swell the shouts of victory, or bend subdued beneath the power of eloquence.

Thus "the key note is struck and the soul makes out the melody"—a broken arch is given and imagination expands it into a temple.

But the productions of skill and taste are by no means dependant on time and association, for the charms with which they are invested. Their glow is no imaginary brilliancy. It is real beauty—borrowed indeed, but borrowed from the toil and anxiety and inspiration of ge-

nus—an offspring which has exhausted the life-springs of its parent, though a perpetual reflection of the noblest lineaments of his intellect. The heart cannot refuse its sympathy. Yet, admiration of the talent which could conceive, and blend together things so lovely or sublime—of the skill which could transfer uninjured to cold, unfeeling matter, the delicate conception, unites its influence to that actual, emanating beauty of the object, which sweeps over the soul, “thrilling all its chords.” A thousand nameless graces, which the heart can feel, though not point out, cluster in the best works of the artist. Too natural to be conspicuous, yet, the highest index of genius—appealing with undiminished power to every heart, and to every generation, the productions in which they abound baffle the destroying power of Time, and with undying fame outlive their country’s ruin.

But beauty finds its way to the heart through other avenues than that of sight. Music, diffusing itself as freely as the air, and seemingly exulting in motion, makes every soul kindle with its lofty swellings, and melt again into tenderness by its softened cadences. It is the sweet, winning language of love, and the fierce stimulant of war, the incense of devotion and the unhallowed flame of vice, the subduer of the heart and the exciter of passions, which it cannot control.

Nature imparts her lessons through its tones, and every soul owns its influence, whether heard in the warblings of the nightingale, in the simple melody, or in the complicated harmonies of the orchestra.

But to number the ever-varied, ever-pleasing forms of beauty, is to calculate infinity: for “beauty hideth everywhere.” The universe is the theatre of her charms, and eternity the extent of their duration. Every sense is the medium of her power, nature and art the banquet she furnishes; and when sated with actual beauty, the imagination is taught to create forms more lovely, more glowing, more ethereal. Some have thought to analyze its power—to limit its influence to fixed invariable laws. Vain purpose! The volatile lightning may be retained and its fiery spirit controlled by rule—the subtile light may be separated into elements and be proved material, but the spirit of beauty is too subtile to be caught—too delicate to bear analysis, for its highest forms are celestial and dazzling—the tints of the rainbow must be gross matter in comparison.

It is enough for the imaginative mind to look and admire. The poet stops not to estimate the force which urges him into the realms of fancy, but yielding to the delightful impulse, is quickly lost among the glowing visions called up by actual beauty. Whoever then can sit coolly down to calculate this magic power, knows but its feeblest influence—not a single taste of its sweetness—not a particle of its inspiration—none of that fervor which hurries the mind away to the sublime darkness, which bounds the flight of imagination.

We like to consider beauty as the smiles of divinity, everywhere present, always replete with love, making his created objects beam forth his own happiness, and imparting to each a portion of his own transcendent loveliness.

There is enough of beauty in the world to make it a delightful home.

The smiles of nature, the elegance of art, the gleesome images of poetry and the fascination of female charms, together with a heart which can appreciate and sympathize, were the kindly gifts from which to extract our happiness. Yet there is enough of bitter mingled with the sweet—enough of deformity joined with beauty, to foster a longing in the heart for some purer place, where all is symmetry, where all is brightness, and where all is happiness.

Here vice may invest itself with a robe of beauty, and steal into the unconscious soul under the lovely mask. The heart will still yield it dominion, and encourage it by sympathy. Poetry especially, has often concealed deformity under the guise of an angel of light, imparting to it a false beauty by its own richness or sublimity. And it is an enemy doubly dangerous, for none of the forms of grace are more winning. Uniting sweet musical tones with harmony of thought—a structure of fairy-like elegance consecrated by genius—the coldest heart finds in it something to admire, something to kindle its enthusiasm. But a happy change is even now going on in public sentiment, and a purer taste is developing, which will consider that alone truly beautiful, which is lovely in thought as well as elegant in expression. For truth only is in itself beauty—no borrowed radiance—no superficial lustre, but the deeper it is explored, purer, richer, and lovelier, in its brightness. And its extent is infinite. This world, and the glimpse of that harmony which pervades all the celestial spheres, is but a glimmering of its splendor. However rapidly the mind goes on expanding, it still finds it in new and more exalted forms—those which mind develops independent of matter; and as the soul is ever to expand, it will have in the full richness of Eternal Truth, a perpetual, delicious banquet.

Letter to the Editors.

“An ill-flavored thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humor of mine, sir.”

AS YOU LIKE IT.

MY DEAR EDITORS,—Elected, as you doubtless have been, by the unanimous suffrages of your whole—secret society, you enter upon your really arduous duties, with some pride and some pleasure. You have a year of literary effort before you, and if you are of a provident turn of mind, you have already carefully strained and bottled down for use, enough jokes and poetry to last you to your year's end. Mark those bottles, my dear sirs, as housewives do corrosive sublimate or ratsbane,—with a skull and crossbones, and label them “Poison,” for the effect of them upon the luckless wight who should taste their contents, would be convulsive, very. Yet you need not hesitate to use them on your own “tables,” for if they be too funny for health, when taken alone, you may console yourselves with the reflection,

that in the Magazine some antidote of a sufficiently mild and harmless nature will be found, to counteract their violence. If your own productions smack too strongly of the school of Holmes or Hood, bear in mind that your contributors will probably follow in the steps of Adam Smith, Berkely, or Bentham. Fear not, then, my merry men, but

— "dare to write

As funny as you can."

That you will be provided, then, with jokes and poetry, is amply evident, and of prose articles you need have no care; of course, everybody can write prose. You know this as well as I do. You are no *bourgeois gentilshommes*, to learn that you have spoken prose all your days without suspecting it. Perhaps a doubt may sometimes cross your minds, whether plain, sensible, serious sentences spring up spontaneously in the brain; but if it does, you should banish it as a sickly fancy, unworthy of educated men. The question may occasionally obtrude itself, whether a crop of English strength and grace will be the fruit of your assiduous planting of the roots of Greek and Latin and Algebra; but all you need do is to ring for your Latin "optional," and have so impertinent a query shown to the door at once. The requisite preparations for penning an essay or a review, can be nothing more than a bottle of ink, a bunch of quills, and a quire of paper. As for thought, why it is a very good thing, but expensive, my dear sirs, expensive. It will not "keep," as our cook says of milk, by way of apology for drinking it during the hot weather.

It is with such just notions of what is before you, that you enter upon the period of your dominion. I see you, in fancy, seated before your writing-desks, with sheet after sheet blackening under the genial influence of ink, your pen running, your eye flashing, your thoughts vivid, your sentences polished, and your whole person and being glowing in the rich light of authorship. How that period pleases your critical nicety—terse, well-turned, pointed! A mild smile gilds your lips, as you think of the effect that remark that you are just putting on paper, would produce upon Wayland, if he saw it, and you wonder how he would answer it in the next edition of the Political Economy. Clever sarcasm is that you are launching at Carlyle and "his American imitator," as you style him, Emerson! How Ralph would wince under that! You had thought of sending him the next number, but you conclude you will not. It would hurt his feelings, and he is so set in his ways, that it would do him no good. How he *would* wince, though!

Well, my dear friends, perhaps you are right; it is natural for youth and high spirits to be brilliant and sparkling. But do not make the mistake of being too spirited. There is such a thing as a Scylla, as well as a Charybdis. Too rapid a succession of fine thoughts wearies and exhausts the mind. True, it is your natural style, but curb yourselves a little. It is perfectly easy, I know, for you to write so; but then remember the digestions of your readers. Do not give us

too luxurious banquets, you gay Sybarites, lest we be tempted into a dyspepsia. Beware of being always in full bloom, lest you overpower us with your fragrance. Besides, it is mortifying to us smaller men, to see you fine fellows reveling in the consciousness of your strength and freshness. It dwarfs us, pigmies enough already.

When I was in college, some few years ago, none, or almost none, beyond the editorial quintumvirate, appeared in the Magazine. Not that no contributions were received from outer barbarians, but that scarcely any came up to the high standard of the editors. "The tone of the Magazine must be maintained," they would answer to the entreaties of the applicants for admission to their literary asylum. Nobly resisting the temptations of suppers and cigars held out to them by the despairing yet eager contributors, they sacrificed themselves to the good of their college, and filled the pages of their charge with their own full-armed Minervas. Their efforts were not unappreciated. The subscription list was large, nor, as is sometimes the case, were the subscriptions unpaid, if we except those of the undergraduates. The quiet satisfaction with which those editors were filled, on inspecting their publisher's accounts at the end of the year, was really delightful. Take the hint, my dear editors, and keep out these pestilent contributors, who overwhelm you with their lengthy articles. Fill your pages with your own fine essays and sparkling verses—"thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Let us have some of those admirable productions that were broached to us in secret societies, that we afterwards enjoyed in the division-room, and applauded (we knew *where* to applaud by that time) on the stage at the Junior Exhibition. Those have borne the test of time, are old friends; let us have them. Do not tell me that they are old—worn-out. True genius, my dear sirs, is never old.

I will say no more of the Magazine, but turn to something else, to which your predecessors alluded in a previous number. It is said that the Seniors of the past year have failed in their duties to the fair. I am shocked and pained to hear it. Why, gentlemen, where do such men expect to go to—after they leave college? Into society, into the world? How do they suppose they will be fitted for life, if they have not embraced the opportunities that their college position gives them? Apart from that, where will they find a tone of social intercourse between young ladies and young gentlemen, at once so free, so natural, and so pure? Where will they find maidens so guileless and unsophisticated, so well bred, yet unassuming? Where will they find daughters so fitted, so ripe for wives and mothers? Let me ask those Seniors if they anticipate elsewhere the presence of such dear, delightful angels,

—————"not too good
For human nature's daily food,"

as Wordsworth so sweetly sings. Can it be that society has altered its aspect since my day, that flirtation, then banished as a traitor to true love, has been again received into New Haven hearts? Can it

be that those ladies who in my time were modest and retiring, stayers at home, not given to frivolities, or fashion, or foibles of any kind, have become pert and flippant in conversation, inelegant in manners, careless of their own reputations and carpers at those of others, frequenters of balls and concerts, with no other escort than some student-acquaintance of yesterday, of unknown family and unknown character? Can it be that those who come to the beautiful City of Elms for the purposes of education, go home to their parents, learned in no other arts than those of dress and flirting? No, sirs, this cannot be true of all. If some, if a large part of New Haven society, has become such as I have pictured, there are those who remain unchanged. Is it not, must it not be, rather, that ladies have grown weary of finding among students scarcely any who do not belong to one of two classes—those who dig and delve, neglecting for study all the graces of education, and those who, while possessed of the elegancies of manner, are void alike of mind and heart? Is it not that they are sick of dancers and flirts, and midnight drunken serenaders, of pedants and boors, of men who come to their parlors stupefied by over-application, and awkward from underbreeding, and men who come reeking from the fumes of the wine or the weed? Is it not that refined, lady-like women ask for refined, gentleman-like, manly men; that they do not want embodied cotillions and white kids, living bouquet-holders, or incarnate books, or wine-vats, or chimneys? Are not Yale students at fault, if New Haven ladies no longer invite them to their houses?

Heaven help us! my dear sirs, how terribly prosy and dull we are getting! But as I had something to say, and knew that its intention was praiseworthy, however weak might be its execution, I felt compelled to

“Cleanse the stuff’d bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart,”

as this matter has weighed upon mine. If my suspicions are true, (and I have heard them confirmed by more recent graduates,) New Haven society and Yale students are both seriously to blame. May I not spend a few words more on this same topic? If members of the upper classes no longer spend their leisure hours in the society of ladies, it is a matter much to be regretted. *Female* society is a necessity to most young men, and if they are excluded (either by their own decision or by that of those whom they would visit) from the acquaintance of the better classes, of persons of education and refinement, they will certainly seek its substitute among those whose manners are no restraint to their awkwardness; or, still worse, solace themselves for the absence of the smile of beauty, grace, and virtue, with the flashing radiance of the wine-cup, or the bought caresses of the painted harlot. Forgive me, sirs, if I speak plainly. I believe that the society of true well-bred women would be a more effectual preventive of dissipation and licentiousness, than all the laws of all the faculties of all the colleges in all the land. But if the ladies of

New Haven are to exert this saving influence, the tone of society must be much changed. Will they permit one who respects and admires many of them, and who speaks in no spirit of uncharitableness, to suggest some most important and obvious alterations to their notice?

And, in the first place, are they not culpably lenient to men of known bad habits and corrupt characters? Is not acknowledged vice invited to their houses, and introduced to their daughters? Is any amount of dissipation sufficient to close their doors against its actor? Do they visit it with even the same punishment that they inflict for a neglected party-call? Is it not notorious in New Haven, that students will give drunken serenades of low comic songs, broken by loud oaths and indecent jests, beneath the windows of ladies whom they visit with intimacy, with whom, on the following evening, they may be seen at concerts or at parties, flirting between the music of the one, or the dances of the other, or amusing themselves, on the one side with laughing accusations, on the other with careless denials, of participation in the disgraceful scene of the night before? Gentlemen, this is no vision of a diseased imagination, but a faithful rendering of a fact that has come under my own observation. Ought not this to be changed?

Another prominent defect that I would notice, is the complete banishment of mothers and fathers from the company of the daughters and their visitors. This is not true universally, but yet it is true largely. In the best families of New Haven, there is too much of it. A gentleman of easy manners and plausible address is introduced to the only daughter of highly respectable people. He visits the house intimately, and except by accident, never sees the parents of his lady friend. He becomes enamored of her, makes his court, wins her heart, declares his passion and is accepted. Too late, the father and mother begin to ask "who is he?" and "what is he?" The inquiries are unfavorable—the engagement is broken—and the mischief is done. Clandestine interviews follow, and an elopement is perhaps the result, or else the young lady, with the first fruits of her affections wasted, starts in revenge on a crusade against the hearts of men—and flirts. This fault, glaring and fearful as it is in its consequences, is of no new origin. In my day the case was much the same. During my own senior year in college, I called upon Miss Z. twice or three times a week, and nearly always spent the whole evening at the house, and yet during that whole time, I never had an opportunity of exchanging a dozen words with Mr. Z., her father, nor of being for half an hour at any time in the presence of her mother, a most excellent and agreeable woman. Now, sirs, it is easy to see, that had I been scamp enough and the lady silly enough, I could have made sufficient love, in such a series of interviews, to have caused a great deal of unhappiness and scandal in Mrs. Z.'s family.

And this brings to mind another point, to which I have already alluded, the slight certificate required by New Haven families, of the

respectability and social position of their guests. It is a crying sin throughout our land, but is nowhere so universal as in the City of Elms. Young men, whose home associations are low, whose minds are but little imbued with the sense of gentlemanly honor—no fighting, brawling, bullying sentiment,—whose manners are uncouth and whose habits are vulgar, will be found on a footing of regular acquaintance, treading the carpets, drinking the wine, and breathing the floral perfumes, of ladies the most refined, with pedigrees the most unimpeachable. This charge, however, admits of honorable exceptions.

What is the effect of this indiscriminate acceptance of untried coin, as currency, at its own valuation? Simply, a lowering of the tone of society, an overturning of ancient landmarks, a debasing of the current money of the realm. A society open to the many, will be little sought by the few. The sensitive gentleman will stand aloof from the throng where his well-dressed valet would find equally ready admission. He will not expose himself to be jostled by the tailor who made his coat, or be outshone by the elaborate toilet of the pert salesman from whom his white gloves were purchased. If he prefers his glass of wine and his cigar, if he votes parties a "bore," and society "stupid," if while awaiting the return of his chum, from some gay gathering, he takes down from his bookshelves the "Tempest," and smiles meaningly as he reads the phrase "midnight mushrooms," is he to be deemed caustic and severe? I think not.

And now, my dear sirs, forgive me for trespassing so long upon your patience, if I may take as granted that it has endured thus far. Who you may be, I am not yet informed; whoever you are, I wish you all success. As a contributor to the Magazine in my own senior year, I find a strange pleasure in putting thoughts on paper, for its columns again. It "rolls back the tide of time" for me. Once more I seem to sit in my easy chair, at my uneasy, *duddy* table, in that quiet room from whose window I could watch the western sun, like a Christian saint, most glorious in its dying; once more I turn over the leaves of my Shakspeare for a motto to a careless article; once more I hear the warning tap at the door, and slip aside my manuscript, ere I utter the formula of admission; once more the glowing face of Charlie W— announces his editorial coming, and his hearty laugh demands as hearty a welcome; once more my written pages pass into his possession; once more the proofs are before me—but let me not anticipate; you may be less indulgent toward my vagaries; this letter—horrible idea!—may be found worthy of the coffin! I will not dwell on the fearful phantasy. Adieu.

The Death of Elisha.

THE author of the following poem, having been deprived of the opportunity of competing for the *Clark Prize*, has, by the kindness of the Editors of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, been allowed the privilege of presenting it in this manner. It is due both to himself and to the courtesy of the authors of the prize poems, to say that the following is placed here with their consent.

As the locality of the incident on which the poem is founded, is not mentioned by the historian, the author has fixed it at Ramah, the seat of the "school of the Prophets," an eminence which commands a view of the valley of the Jordan to the east, while Bethel, where were the golden calves of Baal, appears on the left, and Jerusalem stands in full sight, some miles to the southward. The tomb of Samuel is in its immediate neighborhood.

The harvest moon shone soft and still
On Ramah's olive-planted hill,
And lit the cypress boughs that wave
O'er holy Samuel's honored grave.
Fair moon! two Sabbath-days had flown
Since the bright silver trumpets were blown,
And now, full-orbed, her radiance bland
Flowed broad o'er Israel's favored land.
Nor sadder spot she saw, I rede,
On terraced hill or watered mead,
Than where, beside the sacred tomb,
Arose the prophets' school in gloom.
'T was here of old that Hebrew youth,
From Samuel learned the words of truth,
And 'neath the fig-tree and the oak,
Rehearsed the wisdom that he spoke.
Alas, the change! where once the flute
And harp resounded, all is mute;
The gardens where, at even tide,
The prophets wandered side by side,
Are now uncultured and unmown,
The paths with thorns and weeds o'ergrown;
The roof, where oft the seers were rapt
In holy vision as they slept;—
Where they, to crave some lofty boon,
In vigils long outwatched the moon;—
Or where they read, with studious eye,
The voiceless language of the sky;—
The busy wind had sowed with seed
Of hyssop and of darnel weed,
That grew beneath the summer showers,
Hated, but fair, like churchyard flowers.
The broken walls in silence lay,
The habitation of Decay.

All else how fair! adown the vale
Waved scornfully the groves of Baal,
And glittering 'neath the argent light,
The golden idols mocked the sight.
In the dim eastward, far away,
The cultured plain of Jordan lay,
Where yellow cornfields waved between
The purpling vine and olive green,

And gleamed amid the leafy trees,
The cities fair and villages.
While here and there, across the vale,
The clouds their shadows swift did trail.
Far to the right, in grandeur still,
Enthroned upon her triple hill,
Most queen-like, sat Jerusalem,
Crowned with her mural diadem;
Fenced with embattled mountains from
The hostile arms of heathendom;
While sadly at her feet and low
The silent waves of Kedron flow;
Thus were thy feet, O Son of men,
Bathed by the tears of Magdalen.

But gaze no longer; hark! a moan
Comes from those aged walls of stone;—
A voice, as of the friends that weep
Softly beside the sick man's sleep.
There, wan and feeble, sleeps the Seer.
Around him stand, in grief and fear,
His young disciples, who from far
Gather like moons about their star.
Silent they stand; his every breath
Seems like a giving up to Death.
But still the faint and failing Life,
Prolongs the vain and painful strife.
Speak not! O let no human breath
Distract the just man's thoughts in death,
Nor touch the thickening ears, that long
For the far notes of angel-song.

But hark! a tramp comes on the ear,
And hurrying horsemen now appear,
That swiftly pace the distant road,
Now seen,—now lost in shadows broad.
And lo! they enter now the shade
Which interweaving trees have made
Over the long neglected road,
That guides them to the Seer's abode.
Who are they? would malicious foes
Disturb the old man's dear repose?
Would ruffian war, hyena-like,
From pale disease his victim strike?
No! not in wrath or scorn they come,
Up to the dying prophet's home;—
For from the green boughs issuing
Appears the form of Israel's king.
Sad, silent, weary is his mien,
And shame upon his face is seen,
As with his train, with hindrance short,
He stands within the open court.
Ah! hang thy head, apostate prince!
Well may thy boasted courage wince
And hesitate with craven fear,
To meet Jehovah's dying seer.
Small blessing on thy house, I trow,
His parting message shall bestow.

Stood Joash by the prophet's bed,
And wept in agony and dread,
And cried, as on his breast he smote,
"My father! Israel's chariot,—
Her horsemen too"—he could no more,
But gazed in silence on the floor.
The prophet raised his withered frame,
Moved by some reinspiring flame;
It seemed his swift declining sun
Stood still, as erst on Ajalon,
And gave the time his prayers did ask
To finish his appointed task.
He spoke: "Take thou thy bow, O king,
And fit the arrow to the string;—
Now ope the window to the East."
"T was done; his feeble accents ceased,
And now there spread beneath the eye,
The broad and beauteous scenery.
The old man, with his shrivelled hands
Upon the king's straight thews, commands
To shoot. Swift, swift the arrow flew
Beyond the prophet's death-dimmed view,
Still to the prince's arms he clung,
And in a broken murmur sung:
"This be the arrow of the Lord,
The arrow of deliverance!
Thus fly thy arrows from the cord,
To free thee from the Syrian lance."

The prophet felt his strength to fail,
And bade the king from lips all pale:
"Quick, take thy arrows from the sheath,
And smite upon the ground beneath."
Silent, the doubtful king obeyed,—
Twice—thrice,—irresolute,—and stayed.
Then swooned the Seer exhausted there;
The young men bore him to the air;
Revived, he saw the earliest gray
The eastering shadows turn away:

"Ah! faithless king, why spare thy hand!
Why do thy strength and boldness fail!
Thrice shalt thou smite the Syrian band,
And then thy wavering heart shall quail!

"I see it; Israel's foes shall come,
And grow, like day beams, from the East,
And drive them captive from their home,
Till like the moonlight they have ceased.

"I see! I see! a brighter day,
A great deliverance shall appear;
And though my flesh shall pass away,
Yet He SHALL stand in glory here."

His hands fell nerveless at his side,
And looking into heaven,—he died.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY.

The Regicides.

BY ELLIS H. ROBERTS, UTICA, N. Y.

THE execution of Charles the First may justly be charged upon the entire body of the Independents in England at the middle of the seventeenth century. Their leaders originated and directed the movements which brought the king to the scaffold. Their clubs and congregations called for the punishment of the royal delinquent, while the officers of the army, and the members of Parliament, were intent upon his restoration to the throne; and when he was ordered to trial, all classes of the party united in demanding his condemnation. Their magnates composed the House of Commons that arraigned the monarch. They made up the army that dictated to Parliament the course it should pursue, and that became more powerful than all the constitutional authorities of the realm. Men of their choice constituted the High Court of Justice, whose sentence gave the king to death. The execution was conducted by their officers. Upon the final defeat of Charles, the reins of government naturally fell into their hands. At the Restoration, too, the vengeance of Charles the Second was not confined to any division of the party. Nearly all who were of any note, suffered from the wrath of the king. Dissenting ministers, and private persons, were arraigned with those who sat as Judges, as equally guilty.

Were we to impute the execution of Charles the First to any single individual, Oliver Cromwell would certainly be that individual. He, however, did not originate the measure; and in several of the preliminary steps he had no concern. On the contrary, we have evidence that he endeavored to restore the king to the throne at a time when the army was demanding the death of Charles. If a single body, legislative or judicial, were to be rendered accountable, the High Court of Justice would be that body. Still, it is undeniable that many members of this Court were not more chargeable with the king's execution than were the majority of the leading Independents of private capacity. Indeed, more of verbal nicety than of enlightened justice is apparent, in restricting, either to an individual, or to a legislative or judicial body, an act in which a great party was engaged. Laying aside technicalities, we must say that the English Independents of the age of Charles the First, deserve, as a body, to be characterized as the Regicides.

They composed a religious and political party.* Their religion was

* The Independents derived their name from their adherence to "independent" church government. In course of time, however, they embraced other principles, and became as much a party in the State as any other body of men ever were. It is natural, indeed, under a government in which the Church holds so prominent a position, that parties should be politico-religious.

the pure fruit of the Reformation, growing up in spite of the restrictions of king and priests. Considerable variety of belief prevailed among them in relation to several doctrines; but pedobaptists, and anabaptists, and all the minor sects, were agreed on one distinguishing topic. Regarding the English hierarchy as tyrannical and corrupt, they demanded full toleration for themselves in religious matters, and were willing to have the same toleration extended to all others. They held that a body of Christians assembled for divine worship is a church; and that every such assembly is complete in itself, nor is any external power entitled to interfere in its proceedings or internal government. Their political principles were of a similar character. Even in the times of the Tudors, the Puritans, of whom the Independents were a great and respectable portion, had been distinguished by a strong opposition to royal prerogatives. In reference to that period, Hume remarks: "So absolute was the authority of the crown, that the precious spark of liberty had been kindled, and was preserved by the Puritans alone; and it was to this sect that the English owe the whole freedom of their constitution." The spark which had then been kindled, burned with constantly increasing ardor in the breasts of the Independents. During the revolution which resulted in the death of Charles, they did not hesitate to declare their predilection for republican institutions. They maintained that all authority emanates from the people, denying the divine right of kings, of course, and claiming that the chief magistrate, as well as every other officer in the State, might be impeached and capitally punished for mal-administration.

On the side of the Independents the great mass of the vigor and thought of the earlier part of the seventeenth century was arrayed. It was this very circumstance that rendered them so earnest for liberty. Their minds could not brook restraint. They felt that perfect freedom in politics and in religion was requisite for symmetrical development of intellect, and of soul. Among them, the lawyers, the generals, the poets, of that age were found, whose names as such are uttered with honor wherever the English language is spoken. Sir Edward Coke, the solicitor against Charles before the High Court of Justice, was the ablest lawyer of his time. Oliver Cromwell, the soul of the party, as a military officer, at least, excelled all his contemporaries; and it may well be questioned, whether, in all the attributes of a great sovereign, his superior has ever wielded the scepter of the British Isle. Milton, above all praise as a poet, was scarcely less noteworthy as the able defender of the executioners of the king. The army, particularly the troops of Cromwell, consisting entirely of Independents, was acknowledged by all to be strict in discipline and unsurpassed in courage, dreadful in battle and merciful in victory. In the strictness of their moral code, also, the Puritans, both Independents and Presbyterians, whether in or out of the army, were distinguished. In this respect, as well as in many others, they differed widely from the gay Cavaliers, who took delight in ridiculing their claims to superior piety, and their quaint and scriptural modes of expression.

The character of the Independents of the age of Charles the First, was not appreciated in their own time. Their ideas of religious toleration, and of political equality, drew upon them the unqualified censure of churchmen and royalists. Their peculiarities in dress and manners blinded the eyes of their contemporaries to the high qualities that lay concealed beneath their unpromising exterior. Their principles and character towered so much above the principles and character which prevailed at that period, that neither the truth of the one, nor the purity of the other, could ward off the charge of fanaticism and deformity. These stout, stern men stood like a giant mountain. Overshadowed by its greatness, and viewing it from a near position, one might pronounce the lofty rock disproportioned; but at a fitting distance, every spectator acknowledges from the soul, its proportions and its sublimity. Such men live, not for themselves, but for posterity.

It is not strange that the majority of the inhabitants of Great Britain have not yet learned to appreciate fully the character of the Regicides. The church establishment cramps the minds of thousands. The existence of monarchy, although its political power is well-nigh destroyed, perverts the national judgment. The English are reaping the fruits of the "Great Rebellion," and are gradually embracing the theories in politics and the dogmas in religion, involved in that struggle; but they do not utter with proper praise the names of those self-consecrating men who rolled back the waves of oppression which were surging over the land. Cromwell and his compeers, however, are surely attaining to the reputation of patriots and heroes. Before honest and searching study, the mist of prejudice, which shrouded their character, flees away; and they meet with a portion of the approval and admiration which they deserve. But it is the especial privilege of Americans, untrammelled by state religion, or monarchical prejudices, to do justice to the character of the Regicides, the executioners of Charles the First.

When Charles Stuart, the second king of England of that House, ascended the throne, the English nation was alive with the spirit of the Reformation. Liberal sentiments had gained a strong hold upon the public mind, producing a nice sensibility to oppression. At the same time, the increasing wealth and social importance of the commonalty, induced them to claim their full constitutional rights. Here were two distinct influences which would oppose any extension of royal authority, which would even demand an enlargement of the powers of the Lower House. But the sacredness of the prerogatives of the crown was a darling idea with the Stuart family. Charles was determined to uphold them at all hazards. In their behalf he became involved, during his first Parliament, in a quarrel with the Commons, who were equally zealous for their privileges. Thus the contest began: on the one part for prerogatives; on the other, for privileges. These are simple words; but, to a close student of English history, they have a deep significance: the former implying all of despotism, the latter all of liberty.

Once begun, the struggle had little intermission. In his third Par-

liament, the celebrated Petition of Rights was presented to the king. By publishing that document without the promised royal approval, he commenced that traitorous course of conduct which resulted in his ruin. After attempting to crush freedom of debate in the Lower House, and in truth endeavoring to deprive the Commons of all participation in affairs, he dissolved the Parliament. In his rage, he determined to rule alone. His apologists can claim no impunity for him on the ground of ministerial responsibility, after this period. Henceforth Charles was his own prime minister. He alone is responsible for levying tonnage and poundage, after he had acknowledged that these, as well as all other taxes, were entirely the gifts of the people. He alone is guilty of collecting the odious imposts in the face of a bill of the Commons, declaring such an act high treason. He alone must be held accountable for monopolizing in the hands of his creatures the sale of articles of the most general necessity; for the extension of the royal forests, to the prejudice of the rights of his subjects; and for the imposition of exorbitant fines for mere nominal offenses, in order to replenish his private purse. He alone is blameworthy for the prohibition of all religious discussion, and for the establishment of a system of complete intolerance. It is not strange that the king, by such tyranny, which he did not even attempt to clothe with the form of law, soon arrayed against himself all classes of society.

His fourth Parliament met but to be dissolved, and when the fifth convened, it served at first only as a theater for bolder usurpations on the part of the crown. Fortunately, however, this body secured its own permanence, and for several years watched over the interests of the realm. On the fourth of January, 1642, Charles burst the last link which bound the affections of his subjects to him. It was on this day, he violated the sacredness of the legislative halls, by the accusation of five members of the House of Commons for their language in debate, and by his daring personal demand for them at a session of the House. His flight from London, which immediately followed, seemed an acknowledgment of conscious guilt, and proved to be a fatal step. Before this, the acts of the king had been tyrannical, his conduct had been perfidious. He had merited deposition, and even death. He had violated the constitution. He had elevated himself to the station of an unlimited monarch. He had trampled upon the Lords and Commons, branches of the national sovereignty no less important than the crown. But he had reserved an easy escape from danger. He had only to consent to remedy the grievances in the nation, and he would sit as securely as ever upon the throne. When he fled from his Parliament, however, he placed a barrier between himself and the peaceable possession of the scepter, which could never be surmounted, without concessions from him inconsistent with the royal name and character. As he confessed when in the Isle of Wight, he gave just grounds for armed opposition. His flight, and consequent course, were the commencement of the revolution, in its outward manifestation. He had entered the path which terminated on the scaffold at Whitehall.

After Charles fled from Westminster, he seems to have had no desire to become reconciled to the Parliament, unless absolute power were guaranteed to him. His negotiations with the commissioners of the two Houses were, on every occasion, deceitful. His duplicity has scarcely a parallel in political history. While ostensibly anxious for peace with his subjects, he maintained a close correspondence with the Irish Catholics, whom he did not hesitate to call upon to espouse his cause. His published correspondence convicts him of sending for foreign soldiers to France, Lorraine, and other countries, while pretending to be intent on reconciliation. When engaged in considering the last propositions ever made to him by Parliament, he wrote to a favorite: "This fresh negotiation will only be a pretense; I have not changed any one of my designs." These words indicate how much reliance could be placed on the "honor and conscience," to which the king so often appealed. If more evidence of his duplicity were needed, a sentence which he penned after the treaty was presented to the two Houses, supplies it: "I have done that which my escape alone can justify." His own letters thus brand him forever as a traitor on principle, as he had already shown himself to be a tyrant on principle.

A monarch so false to his professions as well as tyrannical by nature and by education, could hardly have many zealous supporters. He necessarily met with very earnest opponents. Even the royalists would willingly have consented to his removal, provided the dignity of monarchy should remain untarnished. The Presbyterians would have gladly assisted at his trial and execution, if only the "Solemn League and Covenant" should become the law of the land. The Independents, zealous for freedom of conscience, and fondly cherishing the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, had been pained to see these principles trampled upon. In defense of them, they were willing to make any sacrifice, to brave any dangers. They undertook the assertion and preservation of the liberties of Britain; for that end constituting themselves the judges of their unjust prince. Suffering equity to go back of the law, they drew aside the veil of royalty, and laid bare beneath it the character of a tyrant, a traitor, and a murderer. On such charges, well substantiated, Charles Stuart was condemned and executed.

Thus the Independents, now become the Regicides, deliberately assailed royalty in the face of the world, boldly avowing and defending the act. They felt, as we feel, that it is a serious matter to bring a sovereign to the block. No exploded dogma of divine right, no servile theory of unaccountability, no idle reverence for that bauble—a crown—need be appealed to. All these influences may be set aside; yet a shudder comes over the bravest, at the idea of beheading a monarch. He is the representative of the laws; he is the embodiment of the nation in its executive capacity; he is the guardian of the rights of his subjects. It is a terrible thing to lay hands upon the laws, in the person of their representative; to strike down the embodiment of the nation; to put to death the guardian of a people's liberty. But when the representative of the laws becomes the violator of those laws which

are necessary for the welfare and very existence of the State ; when he who should be the embodiment of the nation proves himself its greatest enemy ; when the appointed guardian of the popular liberty tramples upon the dearest rights of all ; outraged justice demands a policy which shall distinguish between the laws and their representative—between the nation and its embodiment—between liberty and its legal guardian. In such case the words of Seneca are eminently true :

“ *Victima haud ulla amplior
Potest, magisque opima mactari Jovi
Quam rex iniquus.* ”

The Regicides judged that such was the case of Charles the First of England. His whole history plainly proves the correctness of their judgment.

It is, however, always to be considered, whether the deposition and execution of an unjust king will be a good sufficient to counterbalance the evils attendant upon a revolution. In judging of past periods, the criterion of the present is plainly inapplicable. At the middle of the seventeenth century, England did not occupy her present elevated position. Her most eulogistic historians speak of her at that period, as “ a power hardly of the second order.” In almost every element of civilization she was far inferior to her present self. Her manufactures had scarcely begun, if we compare them with what they now are. Her commerce did not embrace so many ports ; nor were so many English sailors and foreign traders dependent upon it for their maintenance. The interruption of her industry, accordingly, would be followed with far less serious consequences than would result from the same cause at this day. She was, moreover, in the midst of a civil war, which was consuming her resources, and could not be terminated without some great sacrifice. The Regicides did not miscalculate the advantages that were to spring from their action. They secured for England a degree of internal tranquillity to which she had long been a stranger, and extended to all sects and parties liberties which had never before been known. Under their sway, Britain arose from her inferiority, and sprung forth into life and vigor. The nations of the Continent acknowledged her supremacy on the ocean ; while she was also recognized as the head of the Protestant interest in Europe. This indicates a rapid growth in national greatness ; and evinces that, so far from proving an injury to the people, the change in government had been an incalculable benefit.

The Independents rightly judged that a mere deposition of the king would have no significance. Since his flight from Westminster, he had been to all intents deposed. After an interval of six years, a simple declaration of this fact would have been a mere farce. It would have had no effect to terminate the civil war. More than two thousand years previously, the expulsion of the Tarquins had produced long and terrible conflicts for Rome. Among those who directed the movements of the House of Commons were men who took warning from the

error of Junius Brutus. They also shunned the policy of the other Brutus, whose dagger was stained with the blood of Julius Cæsar. The principles and intentions of the English tyrannicides well deserved to be set before the eyes of men. Their actions were determined upon and performed for the sacred cause of justice, and they summoned the world to be their witness. Death by public execution was the only means by which the attempts of the king against the liberties of England, could be forever prevented. The ignominious termination of the father's warfare was the greatest warning to his sons that the nation could administer. The entire House of Stuart was as effectually dethroned and ostracized as was possible, without the execution or imprisonment of those whose only crime as yet was bad parentage.

However necessary the punishment of Charles might be, it was still a revolutionary act. It is to be defended, if at all, by the necessity of the case, and by the principles of natural justice, not by the laws of any land. That Charles had committed all the offenses charged against him, can hardly be denied. For these he was richly deserving of death. But his execution by the regular authorities of the realm was impossible, since his own signature would thus be required to his own death-warrant. The Lords resigned their right to participation in the government, by deserting their posts, leaving only ten or twelve of their number in the Upper House. The power of the nation thus reverted to the Commons. The Presbyterians, though they had previously denounced Charles as worthy of execution, now adhered to him, since the Covenant could not supplant the hierarchy. If, then, tyranny was to be punished, and the rights of Englishmen to be defended, that duty devolved upon the Commons, and especially upon the Independents. It is an obvious maxim, that revolutions recognize no legal restrictions. But how careful the Regicides were to avoid unnecessary violence—how observant they were of the forms of law—how strict they were in their adherence to the principles of just government, is matter of history. They were revolutionists, but in achieving their revolution they exhibited rare moderation and wisdom.

The Independents, when they condemned Charles to the block, doubtless contemplated the establishment of a Republic in England. Had they succeeded in this design, their names would be uttered only with praises by every lover of free institutions. If they had reasonable assurance of success, and the national sentiment authorized their act, they deserve no less praise for the attempt than would have attended success; provided the failure can be attributed to no misconduct on their part. They had, in fact, strong grounds for expecting that their policy would be acquiesced in by the nation. A Republic had, indeed, existed since the commencement of the civil wars; for six years the Parliament had held all the powers of the government. No violent change was intended. They desired to perpetuate authorities similar to those to which the struggle with Charles had given rise. It may be safely averred that, at no period before or since, has England presented so favorable an opportunity for the erection of a repre-

sentative democracy. The royalists manifested but little ardor in their attachment to the king, not hesitating to condemn very many of his acts. They, indeed, expressed themselves decidedly opposed to the abolition of monarchy; but the number of those who took this position from principle, were fairly supposed to be but a moiety of that party. Personal interest, immediate and prospective, without doubt, bound many to the royal cause. All these, the Regicides had grounds for expecting, would connect themselves with the conquerors as soon as the Stuart dynasty was subverted. The Presbyterians had often proclaimed democratic principles. They embraced no doctrines of divine right; on the contrary, when the Solemn League and Covenant was predominant, they had declared the king worthy of death. Their coöperation in the formation of a commonwealth, or at least their tacit submission to its establishment, might therefore reasonably be reckoned upon. The Independents were in the ascendant. They held the power in the State and in the army, and were strong in the consciousness of the integrity of their principles. A just and moderate administration of affairs would, as they thought, secure the acquiescence of all parties. That the expectations of the republicans proved false, is not sufficient reason for stigmatizing them as unwise and improvident, far less for branding them as anarchists. The martyr-like manner in which Charles met his fate, and the immediate publication of the "Eikon Basilike," had an effect which could not have been foreseen. Let us conceive of the situation of the Regicides, while we judge of their conduct. Let us remember that Charles had been guilty of the grossest injustice, and had alienated the affections of the entire nation; that they had passed six long years in the midst of tumult and civil war, in striving to induce him to subscribe to terms of settlement; that he had given incontestible proof of the basest duplicity on many occasions; that, in their opinion, the constitutional liberty of the English would not be safe in the hands of such a prince. Let us feel that their bosoms glowed with love for freedom of conscience, and for political liberty, not as abstractions, but as palpable realities. Let us recollect that they held the power of the sword; that they conceived, and rightly, that they had justice upon their side; that religion nerved their arms and inspired their hearts. Let us throw ourselves into the same position. Who would not have acted as the Regicides acted? Who would not have assumed the responsibility of condemning to the ax him who had violated the laws, who had lived a traitor, who had made war upon the liberties of the people?

Standing where we do, it may be possible to say that the condition of England at the middle of the seventeenth century, was not such as to justify the expectation that a Republic could be permanently established. But a close reader of the history of those times can easily perceive how the republicans were led to the opinion that the judgment day for royalty in that island, had arrived. If we acknowledge, however, that we can now see good reasons for determining *a priori* that a permanent Republic was then impossible, it does not follow that the Independents of that day are culpable for their views and conduct.

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